

(Edinburgh October 11th 1742.)

T H E

10/8 h. 26
10

*Zealous Country-mens Lament
for the Absence of Mr.
George Whitefield,*

W I T H

*A deep Concern of the Schism, and shame-
ful Division of the Seceders, in a Pasto-
ral Letter to Mr. Gib.*

By a well wisher of the Ministry.

1 **O**ctober one day, with mournful Tune
I heard a Churchman make great Moan,
I turned back and heard the Swain,
these Words repeating shril.

2 If all my Cows smoor'd in the Byre,
the Tod should take my Sheep,
And all my Horse drown'd in a Myre,
I'd have no cause to Weep.

3 If every Thing within my House,
just now before my Ec'n,
My Wife and Children only sav'd,
no sorrow should be seen.

4 Oh! now I hear, that *Whitefield* Dear,
that to my Soul brought gain,

Will

Will now depart, I'll break my Heart,
left we ne'r meet again.

5 His Heavenly Life, with Words so wise
did make my Heart to rise,

To leave Worldly Toys, for Heavenly joys,
Lord work in me the Grace.

6 Ah! this odd Thing, the dregs of Time,
produc'd have at this Day,

When *Zion's* Land-marks are remov'd,
her Hedges ta'en away

7 When Altar is 'gainst  set,
Religion to disgrace,

And *Zion's* Sword 'gainst *Zion's* Sons
is drawn before our Face.

8 Her Bulwarks and her carved Work,
her strong holds are cast down,

Her Palaces are also sack'd,
These Towers of great Renown.

9 Thy Virgins O! *Jerusalem*,
Kings Daughters chaste and pure,
Without are ravish'd on thy Streets,
within an open Door

10 Basely abus'd and prostitute,
made on the Ground to ly,

Till by a Rape they be deflowr'd;
but O! to hear them Cry.

11 To stop all help in their extream,
the *Gibbets* on Command,

With all his Men stand round about,
With weapons in their Hand.

12 Thy Infant Sucklings fall'n a swoon,
into thy lap do ly,

With Foot and Hand, they spur'd and cry'd,
Mam, mam, while they dought cry,

13 Their Mother's Pape out of their Mouth,
the height of Cruelty!

Was drawn, and she her self expel'd,
by Seceders Cruelty.

14 The Heavenly *Whitefield* for to slay,
with your malicious Tongues.

Your Pens in Vipers Blood you dipt,
against the Heavenly one.

15 Which shows great Malice 'gainst
the Truth,

all Men may plainly see.

That by your Preaching, and your Spite,
your Hearts malicious be.

16 Ye ancient Men with hoary-heads,
like to an Almond Tree,

Ye Counsellors whose furrow'd Face,
much reverenc'd should be.

17 Grand-fathers cloath'd with Gravity,
speak up you Men of Sense,

Undoubtedly your Skill is great,
thro' long Experience.

18 Might this be thought good Management,
in Church-economy,

That Pastors should their Churches leave,
To breed great enmity.

19 Suppose the King himself from Home,
were they not pert who durst, From

From his own Steward wrest the Keys,
committed to their Trust.

20 Tho' they're depos'd from their Stewardship,
they trouble all the Host,
By thrusting themselves within the Camp,
to pry upon our Posts.

21 Do you not think the Ministry
their Mission and Call,
Ordinances purely Divine,
and not Priestcraft at all.

22 This sacred Office they invade
without, who will not stay
Until the Porter let them in,
in this plain Gospel way.

23 This double Door, by Force or Fraud,
to break or to steal in;
By Moyen, Bribe or Simony,
is Sacrilegious Sin.

24 Associate Presbytery your Cause,
and Reformation,
On outside of the Hedge gets Cold,
commons to graze upon,

25 Says Muirland Men the like of me,
take ye this sure Remark,

On our bare Braes go fatter Sheep,
than in your best hain'd Park,

26 The best Spring-time of Spritual Things,
tho' I be no Divine.

Is when the Leaves do fastest fall
and temporal Things decline,

- 27 It doth not hold in Temporal Things,
but Spritual Things I say,
A wet Spring-time, bodes the best Cropt;
this Almanack holds ay.
Over thy Judicatories rank
grown with Defection,
Of Royal *David* I'll take up,
the Lamentation.*
- 29 Behold the glorious Gospel pure,
which shin'd bright in our Land,
A deep dark Cloud o'reshadows her,
by your Seceding Band.
- 30 Your Doctrine is not as in old,
When bright Stars then did shine,
They preach'd the Truth with sincere Heart,
no bygone Sins did mind.
- 31 But now a Days, which is very base,
preach up our bygone Crimes,
And wanting Doctrine pure to Preach,
in your poor Hearers Minds,
- 32 The broken Covenant, Sins of the Land,
is most the Cant you use,
Which your poor Hearers understands,
their Nighbours to abuse,
- 33 When *Whitefield's* gone, then every one
of you will clap your Hands,
And shouting say since hee'd not stay
with our Seceding Bands.
- 34 Tho' we did use all ways and means,
his Conscience for to wrey,

And

And 'stoll'd him up even to the Skies,
nothing would him betray.

35 The wisest of mere Mortals was
King *Solomon* that Sage,

In understanding he excel'd,
the Wits of some whole Age,

36 A Case both intricate and dark,
of Family Debate,

Long Time pursu'd, at length appear'd,
came to his Judgment Seat.

37 Two rival Mothers for one Child :
The self same Case in Hand,

Where Presbytery, and Presbytery,
Competitors do stand.

38 Both actual Mothers they profess,
both Mistresses of the House,

Where each impunges the others Right,
like Game-Cocks fighting crouse.

39 But lest the King, like *Solomon*,
end this Work with the Sword,

My Counsel is they hold in time,
and soundly Preach the Word.

40 And jointly Pray *Jerusalem* may
have Peace her Walls within,

And make a Truce, till you bring down
the *Pope* that Man of Sin.

41 The Hereticks, and the Papists say,
ha, ha, they're now divided,

Their Controversies must come to
the Pope to be decided.

Ye cry in Wrath, and Anger great,
by Bishops he's ordain'd,

The self same Bishops, as I hear say,
admire what ye do mean.

43 For they would gladly him receive,
for all that he has done.

And that's not like malicious Wrath,
to such a Heaven-born Son.

44 Prelaticks say, Pox take the Whigs,
their Parity wants aw,

They'l never rest till Bishops be,
set o're them by a Law.

45 Thou flourishing and famous Church,
renown'd for Purity,

No Protestant reformed Church,
once could compare with thee.

46 O ye that are of *Abraham's* Race,
by chosen *Israel*.

Should you disturb *Jerusalems* Peace,
like *Hagar's* Line *Ismael*.

47 Ye sacred Sons of *Levie's* Tribe,
and *Aaron's* Family,

Satan's best pleas'd, when you have least
of Peace and Unity.

48 Of Doctrine sound, untainted with
Error or Heresie,

Mild Government not usurp'd
nor mixt with Tyrannie.

49 In my Hee-goat an Embleme bright,
and lively may be seen,

Whof

Whose Practice clearly doth explain,
what his dark Precept mean..

50 For Pagan Morals, dry harangues,
Your Logick or your Light,

He has no Taste, but all his Schemes
are simple, plain down right.

51 With his rough Beard, heroick like,
and comely to be seen,

Heaves the Road before the Flock,
Leads them to Pastures Green.

52 Where Steps deep, dark and difficult,
he brings them up unto,

The Duty he calls for of them,
they see him first do.

53 When prowling Wolves, and cunning Fox,
and rav'nous Beasts of Prey,

Affault the Flock, and there's no help,
but Fight or Fly away.

54 Then he makes Head, and to the Horn,
he puts the Enemy.

Clefts of the Rock are the Refuge,
in Storms where they do fly.

55 With one Consent each takes his Place,
they follow in a string 10 JU 52

Which Practice, if but well applied,
might good Instruction bring.

56 My mournful Swain, did thus remain,
the livelong Summer-day,

The Pipe flang by, neglectedly,
the Flock got leave to stray.

F I N I S.

